ROSS ROADS

E XXXIII NOVEMBER, 1957 NUMBER 2

JOURNAL OF THE RURAL WORKERS' FELLOWSHIP OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, nd to sing praises unto thy Name, O Most Highest."

THE RURAL WORKERS' FELLOWSHIP OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, INC.

(Incorporated under the laws of the State of New York)

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President:	The Reverend Samuel Keys, P. O. Box 263, Waynesville, Ohio
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The annual dues of the Rural Workers' Fellowship are $3.00 per yea
All members will receive CROSSROADS, and such material as a new
letter, the Prayer Cycle and special bulletins, which the Board of Directo
may choose to publish and mail.

CROSSROADS is published quarterly by the Rural Workers' Fellowship of the Episcop
Church, Inc., at 120 St. Louis, Fort Worth, Texas. Editorial office, care of the Re
W. B. Spofford, Jr., 37 Vaille Ave., Lexington, Mass. Members of the Rural Workers
Fellowship of the Episcopal Church subscribe to CROSSROADS in connection wit
the payment of their dues of $3.00, of which $1.00 is for a year's subscription t
the publication.
Postmaster: Return undeliverable copies under label to 120 St. Louis, Fort Worth
Texas.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Fort Worth, Texas,
August 27, 1952, under the act of March 3, 1897.

Printed in U.S.A.

The Rural Workers' Fellowship Annual Meeting 1957

A total of 78 persons, clergy and laity, gathered in Brayton-Case Hall the American Baptist Assembly at Green Lake, Wisconsin, U.S.A., for e Annual Meeting of the Rural Workers' Fellowship of the Protestant piscopal Church, on Thursday, October 24, 1957 at 7:50 p.m. A signed st of persons attending is attached to the Secretary's Minutes.

The Rt. Reverend William W. Horstick opened the meeting with rayer.

The President, the Reverend James Ethan Allen, was in the chair, and e proceeded to give a resume' of the history and purpose of the R.W.F., nd invited all those who had not yet done so to become members. As result of this invitation some 28 persons paid their fee and signed e necessary form for membership application.

Ethan then proceeded to read the proposed agenda which was accepted the meeting, after a slight alteration, on the motion of Cliff Samuel- n and Bill Watson.

Richard Comfort, a member in good standing, was invited to address e meeting. He expressed appreciation of the Protestant Episcopal dele- tes' cooperation and participation in the convocation, as well as of the nadian delegates, inviting the last ones' help in breaking across de- minational barriers in Canada to the point where other than Anglcan nadians might participate in the National Convocation.

A motion by Cliff Samuelson, seconded by Dick Allen, that "The Sec- tary be instructed to convey to the Reverend Richard O. Comfort the preciation of this meeting for the outstanding work which he has done d is doing on behalf of Town and Country Church work."

Greetings were brought to the annual meeting from John and Helen ilbrick, Dargan Butt and from the Canadian Church by Leonard Hatfield.

The minutes of the last annual meeting were adopted as though read the motion of Jim Trotter and Ogden Ludlow.

A summary of the executive, that is, the Board of Directors, of the WF meetings of January and October 21 minutes was adopted on the otion of John Peacock (secretary pro-tem) and Herman Page.

Provincial reports were then presented as follows: the 8th Province ven by Arthur Freeman; Ruperts' Land, by Derek Salter for Alfred ll; British Columbia by Derek Salter; Canada by Norman Green for illip Jefferson and Ontario by Norman Green.

It was moved by Paul Focht, seconded by Paul Hannaford and carried, at "These several reports be adopted with thanks both to those who d them and to those who compiled them."

The Cochel Memorial was reported on by the President who stated that ceipts to date totalled $428.67 and that there were no expenses.

The chairman then reported for Bill Davidson on "Complimentary

Memberships" to the effect that there be a distinction between complimentary cemberships and complimentary subscriptions, so that from now on there will only be "Complimentary Subscriptions" given out.

It was moved by Sam Keys, seconded by Bob Greene and carried, that "this Report be adopted".

New Business. It was moved by Charles Hamilton, seconded by John Peacock and carried, that "Persons who subscribed in 1957 become members".

Announcements. On behalf of the board of directors Sam Keys made this announcement in the form of a motion, seconded by Ogden Ludlow, that "The collection at the corporate eucharist, next day, be sent to the Rt. Reverend Robert R. Brown, of Arkansas, together with a suitable letters to let him know that he and his Christian work had been offered at this Eucharist by the members of the R.W.F. assembled in their annual meeting and celebration." Carried unanimously.

A motion by Bob Greene, seconded by Wesley Perschbacher, that "We extend thanks and appreciation to the Reverend Don Clark for his courageous stand at Mansfield, Texas, on a race issue." Carried with enthusiasm and unanimously.

The secretary pro-tem then announced the R.W.F. Awards for 1957 as follows:

Rt. Rev. Wm. W. Horstick
Rev. John Baden
Rev. S. N. Chilton
Rev. Henry B. Robbins
Mr. Alec Hardie
Rev. Chas. E. Edinger
Mr. G. O. Toll, Jr.
Very Rev. Maxwell Brown

A motion by Charles Hamilton, seconded by Jennings Hobson, was after some discussion, withdrawn. This motion was as follows: "That this RWF send a suggestion to the Town & Country Magazine that this is a non-sectarian, non-controversial paper, and that this criticism is now directed to either the Rev. R. O. Comfort or Mrs. Robinson, its Editor."

An announcement was then made by Jim Gundrum concerning the publication of a Song Book, made up of songs used at the convention in 1957 at Springfield, Mass., USA, to be sold at 25 cents a copy. It was agreed that a song fest be held at the conclusion of this meeting.

You may think that this meeting was just about over, but the feeling of gaiety and fellowship as well as relief at being in a group not listening to talks, lectures, etc. (especially the etc.!) was such that the meeting was prolonged for the express purpose of keeping the secretary pro-tem (wonderful expression, that!) hard at work trying to figure what was going on around here! So — we continue . . . .

Ogden Ludlow moved, seconded by Bill Webner, That, "The Provincial Reports be given publicity in the church press." (Note: They didn't specify who would undertake this, so probably it won't be done.)

The Secretary *pro-tem* then read the election results, as follows:

Honorary President:	Rt. Rev. Norman L. Foote
President:	Rev. Samuel Keys
1st Vice-President:	Rev. Rhett Winters
2nd Vice-President:	Rev. Tollie Caution
Secretary:	Mrs. John Philbrick
Treasurer:	Miss Constance Vulliamy
Directors, each for 2 years:	Rev. Herman Anker
	Rev. Maxwell Brown

There were no ties. The balloting was sufficient in every respect to warrant election. By action of the board the election of the above persons was made official.

Then followed the induction of the new officers, to wit, Sam Keyes, who was the only newly-elected person on hand!

This left Sam and John the only officials of the RWF with any standing at all.

Samuel Keys then took the chair. He made a short statement to the effect that he had taken this job, will do it to the best of his ability and expects all members to do the same!

He then called a directors' meeting to be held in the same room at 1:30 p.m., following the conclusion of the Episcopal meeting.

Lloyd Delaney had conducted the evensong devotions and meditations during the convocation and at this point it was moved by Ethan Allen, seconded by Charles Hamilton and carried that, "This annual meeting of R.F.W. express appreciation for the fine meditations conducted by the Reverend Lloyd Delaney."

John Peacock, in a fine speech, then moved that "The members and directors of RWF extend to Ethan Allen our deep appreciation for the work he had done as president in 1957." This was seconded by Ross Baley, and carried unanimously.

Adojurnment was moved by Maggie Miller!

John Peacock, Secretary pro-tem

Tie Rural Church To World Issues

GREEN LAKE, WIS., Oct. 25.—Church work in town and country turned corner at the 15th National Convention on the Town and Country Church sponsored here this week by the National Council of Churches' Department of town and country church. There were signs that participants had escaped from the self-centeredness of Main Street mentality and from the illusion that most rural people are farmers. The crimson autumn splendor of the American Baptist lakeside resort removed the meeting

from the urban environment which might have contradicted its inner essence.

This convocation marked a turn from preoccupation with gadgets and gimmicks and sentimentalism to a concern for intellectual issues and problems of national import. There was an adult presentation of the church as a world body. The conference centered on discussion of the major speeches rather than on scattered seminars where prejudices could be polished and exhibitionists could exhibit. There was a realization that most rural life is no longer agricultural and there is no longer a rural sociology separable from the suburban and urban.

Financier, Bishop, Professor

The major address of the convocation was given by James P. Warburg, economist, financier and author who was formerly deputy director of the overseas branch of the Office of War Information. Speaking on "The Role of the Town and Country Church in a Changing World," he declared that the biblical basis of brotherhood is our only hope for survival. He urged that foreign aid be given on the basis of brotherhood and called for an "intelligent conservatism" in putting an end to discrimination as well as mass murder. He stressed the immorality of bombing and scored the "sanctimonious hypocrisy" of much of our foreign policy.

Episcopal Bishop William F. Horstick of Eau Claire, Wis., called for turning away from "grim and unsmiling" European Christianity and from American "optimism" to the older tradition of Galilee. He noted that Anglicans have "weeded their gardens so carefully" that they have sometime discarded flowers and fruit. He deprecated assuming that it is "our" church instead of Christ's, conducting "pretty" services, being concerned with ecclesiastical trivialities, calling for higher salaries and "assuming that stupidity may be blessed." "Some congregations get rid of their rector because he has religion and they don't," he declared.

Some of the participants acquired a higher opinion of bishops when they heard Bishop Horstick frankly criticize much that obtains today in the town and country church. Many expressed appreciation of the bishop's criticism of that "naive nature worship" which fosters the idea that the farmer sees only beauty in the world around him. The fact is, Dr. Horstick pointed out, what he sees of nature might well make the farmer an atheist. These comments were particularly welcomed by rural parsons who sensed the superficial sentimentality of singing nature's praises and ignoring the tragedy and failure, the cross in rural life.

Little Rock Intrudes

The convocation could no more escape the challenge of Little Rock than could any other conference these days. In his address on "Church-Community Relationships in the Worldwide Mission," Arthur B. Wileden, professor of rural sociology at the University of Wisconsin, declared: "What happened at Little Rock is as vital as the shot at Concord heard round the world. Why has the church failed to stand for equal rights? The eyes of the world are on Little Rock, Green Lake and Main Street to see if the things we do are the things we say."

This correspondent, who observed happenings in Little Rock at first nd, reported on the situation there, stressing the courageous stand taken many of the local ministers. Ogden Ludlow, a pastor from Nelsonlle, Ohio, introduced a resolution of sympathy and congratulation to sent to those ministers. The Episcopal clergyman present sent an offring to Bishop Robert Brown of Little Rock, along with a letter conatulating him on his biblical faith, loyalty to law and witness to uth. They also congratulated Donald Clark, Dallas pastor present at reen Lake, who defied a mob. The Canadian delegates said they ere greatly impressed by the unanimous sentiment of the convocation.

Summarizing the sessions, Richard O. Comfort, director of the N.C.C. wn and country church department, said they had resulted in "fellowip, exchange of ideas and renewed vision centering around the questions: low big is my world?' 'Who is my neighbor?' and 'Am I my brother's eeper?' "

For More Grass-Roots Discussion

The fellowship fostered by the rural location helped arouse a grassots sentiment. Delegates appreciated having a program geared to the erage pastor, but they wondered why they are not permitted to take ore part in policy-making. They felt that they were still listeners rather an real participants, and wondered why the brotherhood they had heard tolled could not be extended to convocations.

A grass-roots revolt almost broke out on the floor when a resolution the Little Rock situation, obviously approved by the majority, was ot allowed to come to a vote. Evidently rural pastors are as hard to giment as are other rural people. More than one delegate voiced obtion to denominational devotees intent on suppressing discussion, and partisan statements appearing in official country church publications. any expressed a desre to enlist more churches in the meetings and to prove channels of communication.

Freedom of discussion was greatly improved at the Green Lake conication, and delegates look forward to more such gatherings. Next ar's meeting will be in York, Pa.; that for 1959, in Louisville.

CHARLES G. HAMILTON.

—oOo—

George Eliot said: "The best minds that accept Christianity as a divinely spired system believe that the great end of the Gospel is not merely the ving, but the educating of men's souls, the creating within them of holy spositions, the subduing of egotistical pretensions, and the perpetual hancing of the desire that the will of God—a will synonymous with odness and truth—may be done on earth."

—oOo—

Daniel Walker wrote: "A short biography on Napoleon was written by ctor Hugo . . . . he wrote: "Napoleon bothered God."

Meditations for 1957

By THE REV. LLOYD DELANEY

(These are the meditations which were given by Mr. Delaney at the services of the R.W.F. at the National Conference on Town-Country at Green Lake, Wisconsin, the last week of October, 1957)

(I) — VOCATION
GEORGE HERBERT

"WHY DID YOU ENTER THE MINISTRY?"

We are all asked the question by faithful friend or curious stranger. We each have an experience we could tell, but in part it may be too intimate to relate.

To our lay friends we explain that everyman has his God-given talents to use in God's service, and each experiences an awakening to God's call which comes to fruition in our Vocation. "Ye have not chosen me: but I have chosen you".

Let us consider the classic instance of a "Country Parson" whose ordination was the cause of amazement in his day. George Herbert had the "ten talents" our Lord mentions. Besides supreme gifts of intellect and a gracious personality, he was noble-born. His life was a wrestling with question of how we are to spend our talents in the service of God and man.

George Herbert was born at Montgomery Castle in 1593. His was not to be a long life, but an exceptional one, so wise and good, so humble and saintly that he is ever to be revered.

George was a bright and happy child whose love for learning led him to Cambridge University at fifteen. Would he follow the example of his brothers who were to distinguish themselves in their country's service, one as ambassador to France, two as army officers, a naval captain, a Fellow of Oxford and another at the Court? In the traditional course of studies he early espoused the "study of Divinity" with the ambition that "My poor abilities in poetry to be all and ever consecrated to God's glory."

Others thought more highly of his poor abilities. He was offered the post of University Orator. "The Orator writes all the letters, makes all the Orations, be it to King or Prince, or whatever comes to the University . . ."

Will this divert him from Divinity and his calling? For there is temptation in such prominence for so young a man. But he feels "this dignity hath no earthiness in it, but it may very well be joined to Heaven . . ." Bishop Launcelot Andrewes and Sir Francis Bacon are greatly taken with his learning and judgement. Further King James I chooses him to defend the Anglican Church at the historic Hampton Court Conference. A brilliant career is assured. It is felt that he will likely be chosen Secretary of State.

However the king died, and George Herbert retired to Kent to study. It was to be a time of inner conflict and the issue became clear. "I

as not easy to lay aside ambitious desires, and the outward glory of his world . . . but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to erve at His altar."

On returning to London a court friend attempted to dissuade him. was "too mean an employment . . . too much beneath his birth and he excellent abilities and endowments of his mind."

To that age and ours George Herbert replies: "It hath been formerly udged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of he noblest families on earth. And though the iniquity of the late times ave made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest con-emptible, yet will I labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my earning, and all my poor abilities, to advance the glory of that God hat gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for Him that ath done so much for me as to make me a Christian. And I will labour o be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, nd by following the merciful and meek example of my deer Jesus."

In his first charge, Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln found he greater part of the parish church had fallen down. His mother was nxious about his health for good reasons, and urged him to give it ack to the Bishop. He assured her that he had vowed to rebuild the hurch. This he accomplished, making it as Isaac Walton relates "for ecency and beauty . . . the most remarkable parish church this nation ffords."

When he was offered the parish of Bemerton he was anxious about he care of a large number of souls. His uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, ad Archbishop Laud persuade him to accept.

At his induction he made some Rules to himself, for his future life nd vowed to keep them. As he told a friend:

"I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself ore happy than if I had attained what then I had so ambitiously hirsted for. And I can now behold the court with an impartial eye, nd see plainly that it is made up of frauds and titles, and flattery, and any other . . . pleasures that are so empty as not to satisfy when they re enjoyed. But in God and His service, is a fulness of all joy and leasure." He would "endeavour to bring my relations to a love and eliance on Him, who never fails those that trust Him." For "the irtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence . . . to everence and love in an age that hath more need of examples than recepts."

"And I beeseech God, who hath honoured me so much as to call he to serve Him at his altar, that, as by His special grace He hath put nto my heart these good desires and resolutions, so He will by His ssisting grace, give me ghostly strength to bring the same to good effect. nd I beseech Him, that my humble and charitable life may so win pon others, as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken o be my Master and governor. And I am so proud of His service, that will always observe and obey and do His will; and always call Him

Jesus my master; and I will always contemn my birth, or any title or dignity that can be conferred upon me, when I shall compare them with my title of being a priest, and serving at the altar of *Jesus my master.*"

These rules, setting a high standard for his ministry, are printed in the Everyman series under the title "A Priest to the Temple: or the Country Parson." They speak of the Parson's praying, his preaching, his charity, comforting the sick, in this journey, in his mirth, with his churchwardens, blessing the people and many another topic.

He aimed to make his sermons plain and practical. In an age of controversy he lived by the rule of charity. He explained the service to his people. As he took the daily office morning and afternoon in the chapel, he taught his people to pause in their ploughing when the bell sounded so that they might be joined in prayer while at work.

Members of the Rural Workers' Fellowship can note that he found recreation with his brother clergy. Once or twice a week he went to Salisbury cathedral and joined with them in music. When they tuned up their instruments he would enjoy "that which elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth." "Religion doth not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it."

His ministry was short — but three years, that of our Blessed Lord. He believed the aim of a Pastor to be the "deputy of Christ, to bring man to the obedience of God." The duty of a Priest is to do as Christ did, both in doctrine and life.

After his final illness and passing his friends treasured his private writings and left the record for posterity. In thinking of his life, may we feel moved to walk "worthy of our high calling."

(II) — APPLICATION

CHARLES KINGSLEY

The Convocation on the Church in Town and Country gathers annually to strengthen the ministry in the rural areas of America. Is the aim to specialize, in this age of efficiency and specialization? Or is it *application?* Are we not basically trying to apply the principles of our Faith to the needs of humanity! Do we not realize our Vocation in the Church Catholic as we minister to town and country folk wherever their parish, whatever their need!

The reprinting of the life of John Frederic Oberlin had a great impact on the Convocation some ten years ago. Men caught a vision from his heroic ministry, for a life-long application of the Christian Faith to a backward mountain region he had transformed that community. It made one wonder whether we in the Anglican Communion do not have such heroes. Has not our ministry to rural folk been faithful and true? Have we not applied the lessons of God's Love? Are we to be pastors and indeed prophets, as well as priests? Or are there limits, distinct areas that a parson ought to avoid?

In the early days of the rural movement in the U.S.A. some fifty years ago, it was said in the hearing of an American bishop that the time would come when it would be as great an honor to be a successful country

minister as to be a city minister. He replied that the time was already here, and had been since Charles Kingsley put Eversley on the map of the world. There have been other heroes of the faith, and in our time, but let us think briefly of Charles Kingsley.

In 1848, a time of poverty, social stress and agitation, the "Chartists" were demonstrating. Britain was on the verge of riot and bloodshed. The Duke of Wellington called out the troops and cannon to safeguard the realm. A young country parson brought shame upon himself by associating himself with the working classes, writing and speaking on their behalf. He had sympathy with their aims, but not with their methods. He believed in education and self-help, not in agitation and violence. Nevertheless if sides must be taken in the issue of the day, he declared, "I am a Church of England Parson — and a Chartist." Despite the risk of losing all chances of promotion in the Church he armed himself for an almost single-handed fight in a war against the cruelty, indifference and oppression that lay hidden in secret places. Who was this Church of England parson?

Charles Kingsley had been born in a country vicarage in Devon, lovely west country. At the age of five the family moved to the Fen country. Here all nature spoke to him, especially the glorious sunsets, for here "the arch of Heaven spreads more ample than elsewhere." When he was eleven they moved to Clovelly, a seashore hamlet in Cornwall. Here the fisherfolk were his friends. He called it later, his "dear paradise." When the family moved to London, he was disappointed.

At Cambridge University he won a scholarship and was to prove a brilliant student and versatile genius. He was "senior optime" in mathematics and won first-rank honours in classics. But it was not a happy time for him for he was much troubled by religious doubts. Meeting Frances Grenfell was a joyful event however. She was a disciple of Pusey, and her influence restored her wavering faith. After graduation, ordination, and taking a country curacy at Eversley, they were married. When the rector died he succeeded to the living, his home for thirty-three years.

As a country parson he was to lead his people in the love and worship of God, and to live fuller lives in His service. Though he felt "no clergyman knows less about the working of a parish than I do," he knew he was fulfilling his vocation, his life-purpose, and he felt at peace. "I am much more happy, much more comfortable, reading, thinking, and doing my duty — much more than ever I did before in my life. Therefore I am not discontented with my situation, or regretful that I buried my first-class in a country curacy . . ." There was indeed much to do in all his duties about the Church, the rectory and with his people, for things were far from rosy. The dilapidated church must be restored and worshippers brought back. The wardens were persuaded to allow a monthly service of Holy Communion. The rectory was old and tumbledown and regularly flooded in spring-time. He must repair and restore and make grounds a place of beauty, planting evergreens

around. His people needed attention, care, and loving-kindness. "My parish is peculiar for nothing but want of houses and abundance of peat bogs; my parishioners remarkable only for aversion to education, and a predilection for fat bacon." He knew he would need the wisdom of Solomon and the love of St. John, but how would he bridge the gap between their life and his, and win men to our Lord?

He had the right instinct. "I try to catch men by their leading ideas, and so draw them insensibly to my leading idea . . ." He would flail with the threshers, he would joke with the poachers, he would be like a child with the children and show them nature, the tame squirrel, the shy mother fox with her cubs. And to keep in good humour for all men he must take some time off hiking or fishing. For he was greatly concerned about his people, moved by a deep love for young and old, the sick and the dying, hard-working men and lads, mothers bravely struggling amidst poverty and disease. He felt the watchword in pastoralia ought to be the word of encouragement.

He soon began writing to earn some money for rectory repairs, and to air his indignation at conditions as he found them, "the filth and laziness, foul air, foul food, foul drains, foul bedrooms to be found in cottage life and the miserable grinding anxiety from rent day to rent day that crushes a man's soul down, till he daren't for his life take his thoughts off the meat that perisheth."

On six nights of the week he held classes or lectures in his dining room. He established clubs, singing classes, a mothers' society, a literary society, a loan fund, anything that would uplift their drab lives. Scarcely anyone could read or write. He taught the children, and sent the cobbler's son to college and had him come back to teach in the little school he had built with the earnings from his writings.

His concern for the poor went far beyond his parish bounds and his own agricultural labourers. He knew our Lord's concern for all the oppressed, in city slum and the sweatshops of industry. He became the ally of F. D. Maurice in the Christian Socialist Movement, and the Working Man's College, an effort to educate and evangelize the working classes. Maurice loved him and admired his healthy outlook, that the country parson at his best. Kingsley was the most dynamic member of the group and the big guns of the opposite were upon him.

Kingsley preached in a London church on the text St. Luke 4:18, 21 urging justice, fairness, and freedom for down-trodden people, in their own land that very day. The rector arose after the sermon to repudiate the sermon and the preacher. Kingsley left the church crushed in spirit. Men of all parties in church and state railed upon him. He fell ill in deep discouragement. Jeremiah was now his favorite book.

The country parson was challenging the conscience of the nation — and awakening it. When his sermon was published it was seen that he was not a heretic or subversive, but one who advocated that instead of despising the miserable poor, men ought to help one another, for all are brothers in Christ.

After years of writing novels and poems, bearing the burdens of reform, despised and rejected of men, the day came when his contribution to the nation was recognized. Queen Victoria made him a Chaplain-in-Ordinary at the Chapel Royal. It entailed but one sermon a year, but had far-reaching influence. Wherever he could he spent himself for good. As a correspondent of Darwin and friend of science in the time of controversy he urged that Science and the Church together reveal God's truth and together should serve God's children.

Despite wider duties, as professor of Modern History at Cambridge and tutor to the Prince of Walce, he never ceased to give himself first, last and always to his duties as a parish priest.

His day ended with a somewhat early but altogether glorious sunset. Having been appointed Canon of Westminster Abbey, he was persuaded to take a holiday in America. Crowds came to hear him, from New York to California and in Canada. He was asked to open the U. S. Congress with prayer. On his return he preached but one sermon in the Abbey before his wife's illness which led to his own passing. His subject was the coming of our Blessed Lord, "who may whisper to you, 'Come unto me thou weary and heavy-laden heart, and I will give thee rest'." The text of his memorial service was I Kings 4:32, 33.

Since Maurice and Kingsley's time Christian Social Service has become an honoured part of the Church's work. Likewise the tiny places, the backwoods, the little churches and humble folk have today their spokesmen and defenders, their faithful pastors and teachers. May we who labour in our day continue to apply the gospel, its message and its hope in obedience to our Lord's command to go into all the world.

(III) CONSECRATION

The Most Rev. Derwyn Trevor Owen

We are called to serve God. We are to be in the world, but not of it. How are we to grow in holiness? How is Grace given us from God? Surely our spiritual life, our self-dedication to God, the full "consecration" of our faculties in His service, must grow through the years. God's holiness has been and will continue to be imparted partly through our devotional life, and partly through good friends and saintly persons. Perhaps the latter is a stronger source of blessing than we realize.

Each of us needs daily times of quiet for recollection and adoration, for prayer and Communion. We have given ourselves to the great cause of Christ. We pray that our talents may be blessed, hallowed and used in His service. We do our part each day, but always under God we are indebted to others. Each of us hast the blessed memory of those who led us along the path to the sacred ministry, who gave us a vision for a goal, and precepts to guide us in time of difficulty. Our Lord Himself said "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer I have overcome the world."

At the National Convocation in 1947 we were sitting listening to the troubles and predicaments of the ministers of other denominations, frustrations and trials that were hampering and cutting short their ministry.

An Episcopal priest turned and whispered, "When you hear this don' you think we're lucky?" And I thought what a privilege is ours in having a Father-in-God.

Archbishop Derwyn Trevor Owen, our Canadian Primate who passed away that year, was in every sense a Father-in-God. He was a blessing to all who met or heard him — seminarians in New York, chaplains over seas, clergy in remote missions, or synods in great cities. To each he im parted something of "grace." He knew that trouble as well as blessing comes to every man in his ministry sooner or later.

He knew rural life and he could draw from the treasury of his ex perience lessons to ennoble and hallow us. He had lived on the western prairies as a child, had gone to school in England, and lived from ten to seventeen in a tiny country hamlet in Ontario, Gore's Landing on Rice Lake. In the country school, at play or at church, he made friends with all, life-long friendships. There he got to know people, types he found later in all walks of life. He understood rural folk. He ap preciated their simple dignity, and knew their limitations. No wonder his gentle friendly manner made him beloved by all.

These impressionable years in the country were a great help to him later, he used to say. For instance in administering a diocese, looking after rural churches and dealing with rural church wardens. It was a help to him in ecumenical affairs as the first chairman of the Canadian Council of Churches. He had seen with regret bitter rivalry between Methodist and Anglican and its disruptive effect in the small community Nevertheless the opportunity for peace and happiness was always there and he was wont to turn back in memory for refreshment to happy days in the woods, on the hills or out on the lake at one of the beauty spots of our land. His illustrations and a sermon were often from nature and those parts. His simple and vivid messages had a lasting in fluence on his hearers.

At ordination time he spoke of prayer and our devotional lives, urging us not to let the rush of work crowd out prayer. "Christ comes through the gateway of silence." When there is "silence in the woods the animals come out". Like a boy watching for living things, we must learn to wait upon God in prayer.

We all need recreation and fellowship. We ought to attend our deanery meetings for the encouragement of others, as well as for our own soul's sake.

In synod he spoke directly and simply, giving a vision and a challenge Of the country parish he said: "The work of the Church in the country is of great importance. A complete record of the various activities of the Church in the diocese would show that a large number had their origin in our country parishes. Many of our most earnest and able men and women owe their interest in the Church to the small country parish. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance and dignity of this work.

"We are fortunate in our diocese in that we have so many country parishes and missions. A large proportion of the work of the Canadian

hurch is to be found in the smaller groups of Church people who year fter year carry on faithfully. Such groups have a right to think of eir work as of first-rate importance and dignity — a work which calls or the most thorough thinking and service. To devote one's life to ch a task is to devote it to a cause full of opportunity. This opportunity growing with the years."

He is numbered among the great men of our land who have come om the countryside to serve the Church and nation. His formal educa- on had been interrupted by the family moving east or west, overseas r to the U.S.A., but he said "the bee that robs the flower fertilizes it." was a unique preparation for life. He knew Canada intimately, her ioneer's hopes and the Church's role in this growing northern nation. Ie believed we must work together towards a great future.

Presiding at his last general synod in 1946 he said: "I began with Winnipeg, I end with it. You will forgive me if, in conclusion, I record omething of my strong affection for and belief in the whole of Canada, nd for the Anglican Community at work within it. We meet in Winnipeg. My recollections of Winnipeg and the great prairie country o back to my earliest childhood. Robert E. Gard in his book of the anadian West, called "Johnny Chinook," says that if in moments of lent recollection the westerner listens hard enough he can hear once nore a strange almost forgotten sound. It is the sound of the Red iver cart creaking down Portage Avenue. I think I can hear the Red iver carts. I know I can feel once more the lurch of the oxen against ne yoke as they follow the faint trails of more than sixty years ago. I an see once more the skulls and skeletons of the buffalo scattered here nd there. I can hear the wind on the prairies. I can see the long nes of Indian caravans in the rebellion of 1885 on the march. I can ear the call to the adventurous pioneers in all parts of Canada, for I ave had some connection with almost every section. "I am a part of ll that I have met." I claim to see something of the picture of Canada nd the Church as a whole — the great Maritimes and the sound of ne sea on the rocks, the sight of the deep rivers and wide valleys; historic Quebec and our staunch and self-sacrificing Church there, the foundations f which were so generously laid by our noble fathers, the problems of ne moment so bravely met by their children; old Ontario, my own home or many years, so fertile, so varied, its great lakes and rivers shining like ilver in the sun; and running like an iron band across so much of anada that band of rock, and scrub, and forest, that John Buchan called the lid of the treasure box," the pre-Cambria shield; and over and eyond these eight hundred miles of prairies at our door there is the ever to be forgotten sight of childhood and youth, where from north o south the mighty Rockies spring from the plains to push up to the ky, and beyond them the broad valleys and rushing rivers, and plains, nd orchards, and meadows, and again range after range of mountains, British Columbia! I have no words to describe its enchantment which ell on my mind in my early 'teens; all culminating once more in the Pacific Ocean; and finally the great northland stretching far beyond

the path of the ordinary travellor, far beyond "steel" to the country of mighty rivers and barrens, and forests, and plains, and lakes, the land of Hudson Bay and of James Bay, with its ancient Anglican Mission posts; until at long last again the sea — the gleaming Arctic, beside which stands the graceful little Cathedral, the farthest north in Christendom, All Saints, Aklavik, which I consecrated some years ago; and everywhere scattered groups of Indians and Eskimos ministered to by our little struggling missionary-hearted churches. We must hold to this work among Indian, Eskimo, trapper, pioneer.

Canada — our country, our field of work and suffering! What a vision, what a task, what an inspiration! Brethren beloved, I rejoice to have known something of this, to have had a little share in the adventure of the General Synod of the Church of England in Canada . . . trusting to the merciful guidance and grace of the God of our fathers."

Beyond all this though he would lift our eyes heavenwards, "For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come . . . whose builder and maker is God."

Ashfield Churches

By THE REV. PHILIP HUMASON STEINMETZ

THE First Congregational Church in Ashfield, Massachusetts, and St. John's Episcopal Church have been "married" for twelve years. As in every Christian marriage, neither husband nor wife is head of the household for over both and recognized by both is the Lordship of Christ and moving in both is the power and guidance of the Holy Spirit.

The initiative in establishing this relationship was taken in the spring of 1945 by the Rt. Rev. William Appleton Lawrence, Bishop of the Diocese of Western Massachusetts and the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Whiston, Vicar of St. John's Church, who was just leaving to take his present post on the Faculty of the Church Divinity School of the Pacific. Since the Pastor of the Congregational Church, the Rev. Walter G. Couch, Jr. had just resigned and since there was no other church in this little New England village of one thousand souls, it seemed an unusual opportunity to see what might come of a common pastorate for the two churches, each continuing as a separate congregation and yet living intimately together with the same pastor. Both men were aware

The Rev. Mr. Steinmetz has just left as pastor of the Ashfield Churches to be associate secretary of the Mass. Council of Churches. The article was originally written for the E.C. News, which folded before Phil could burst into print. Since the town-country note in what is going on at Ashfield is obvious, we thought you might like to read it.

of the leading of the Holy Spirit in this arrangement and depended on Him in the weeks during which the idea took root and won the acceptance of the people of Ashfield, both Congregationalists and Episcopalians.

The challenge of the situation lay in the fact that with so many and varied people there was a common willingness to depend upon God without knowing in advance what pattern would develop. Many top level conferences have been held in which much has been said and learned of God's purpose that His Church be one. A good deal is taking place in the way of cooperative enterprise on world, national and state levels in Councils of Churches and other ventures, including Church World Service. In some local communities federated or community churches are having the experience of a common life and ministry. But it is rare that a situation opens in which the Episcopal Church can take wholehearted part without compromise of its unique historic traditions and without surrender of some aspects of its sacramental life. Here is one in which no violence is done to the integrity of either church and yet a true common parish life comes as a gift from God in the day by day living together in love. With no common organization, federation or contract these two churches live together as equal members of the household of God under the motto: "We agree to differ. We resolve to love. We unite to serve God.."

The man who has served as pastor during these twelve years is the author, the Rev. Philip Humason Steinmetz, a priest of the Episcopal Church who was "recognized" by the Franklin Association of Congregational Christian Churches and Ministers as Pastor of the Ashfield Congregational Church on the basis of its call and his Orders in the Episcopal Church. It is common practice among Congregationalists to have ministers of other churches serve as Pastor without additional ordination, provided they are already in good standing as Ordained ministers in their own church. In fact, many offices in Congregational Associations are held by men of other Christian bodies. So there is nothing remarkable about the fact that I have been Moderator of the Franklin Association and am at present its Scribe and Treasurer. At the same time I am active in Diocesan affairs as a member of the Department of Missions and Church Extension and as a Deputy to the General Convention of 1955 and Deputy-elect for 1958 as well as having served for three years as Director of the Parish Training Program in the Province of New England and for many years as a member of the National Advisory Committee of the Division of Town and Country of the Home Department of the National Council of the Episcopal Church.

It is hard to describe the joy which comes to those who live and work in the Cause of Christ in this community. It seems as if we are being given a sense of what it means to be a Christian first and foremost, with our membership in a part of the whole family coming second. In the common ministry in which we are involved, both pastor and people, we find how true it is that we are ministers and not masters of the Grace of God.

Many enterprises are readily carried out together. There is a common Sunday School which knows by name every non-Roman Catholic child and is in touch with each one, though not all come to Church every Sunday!

There is a common program of Weekday Religious Education for high school students which enrolls more than three quarters of all the students in the high school and a United Youth Group meeting Sunday evenings. There is a freedom about sharing in worship in either church which is not tangled with the personality of the preacher. After all, you hear the same sermon no matter where you go. So you go to the church which is for you the better channel for expressing your worship of God either because of its hour or character. At 8 a.m. every Sunday in St. John's Church there is a simple Celebration of Holy Communion according to the Book of Common Prayer. Alternate Sundays there is Holy Communion and Sermon or Morning Prayer and Sermon at 9:45 a.m. At 11 a.m. there is a non-liturgical service and sermon in the Congregational Church with Holy Communion four times a year. During this later service the Sunday School classes meet using both buildings and teachers from both congregations. Special and occasional Services are held in one church or the other according to practical considerations of size and suitability. There is never any conflict for the pastor cannot be in two places at once! When a fifth Sunday in the month comes along all join in a Union Service alternately in and according to the ritual of the host church.

Imagine moving into this little community without having made up your mind about which church is "yours". The Pastor calls. People of both churches rejoice that "their" pastor is on the job visiting those new people. But you have a tough decision to make. You cannot go to the church where you think the preaching is best, as you may have done in other places, for here it is the same. Neither can you get any help from following where your children go to Sunday School, for they are going to the Ashfield Sunday School operated by both churches. Nor yet can you choose the church with the more attractive pastor. You simply have to choose the church on the basis of its character as a church.

And do you know that neither church has gained over the other during these dozen years, but rather that both have grown stronger? Apparently the Holy Spirit works without paying close attention to the polity, creed and liturgy of the body He is using.

Of course this "marriage" has its stresses and strains. There are times when each church wonders whether it would not be better to be single again. Just this past year this thought was being given considerable expression among Congregationalists just before the Annual Meeting. Some thought that a divorce was about to take place. But when the free, secret, written ballots were counted, with more cast than ever in recent history, the score was more than 7 to 1 in favor of continuing together showing that those whom God has joined together men cannot pull assunder.

It is too soon to see how the children of this "marriage" will behave in the family of God. They are growing up together with a fuller understanding of each church than is the lot of most young people. Before they join either church they have a special series of meetings in which that which is distinctive of that church is clearly presented. But their basic training in the Christian Faith is given in a common Sunday School which demonstrates

by its continued existence that we have one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of us all.

It is not too soon to have similar "marriages" taking place elsewhere. There are two others in Western Massachusetts. In Winchendon it is the Methodist Church which is sharing with Emmanuel Episcopal Church the ministry of a Lay Vicar, Mr. John S. Tyler, who is an Episcopalian. In Shelburne Falls, the Baptist and Congregational Churches have formed with Emmanuel Memorial Episcopal Church a Trinity Fellowship under one pastor, the Rev. Louis F. Kirlin, a Baptist Minister who, having been confirmed, has been licensed as Lay Reader and appointed Lay Vicar of Emmanuel Church. And in Tamworth, N.H. another such arrangement starts on September 1st, 1957 under an Episcopal clergyman, the Rev. George W. Wickersham, II.

It is sometimes asked what master plan is behind this whole business and where will it end. To that the only answer is that God alone knows, for those of us who are involved are continually discovering that the initiative is not ours. And everyone who has come to see what is afoot and who have taken the time to look and listen has gone away with the conviction that there is something right about it all, despite its contradictions and complications, and that in His good time, God will show us where it all fits into His reconciliation of the world unto Himself in Christ.

It is also often wondered whether such a situation can continue under new leadership, to which the answer is that it has in Shelburne Falls and is in Ashfield. As I leave to join the staff of the Massachusetts Council of Churches, the churches voted overwhelmingly (70-17 in the Congregational Church and 52-1 in St. John's) to continue together.

The rest of this story remains to be written as we live together under God until death do us part.

We Are Poor Fishermen

By THE REV. NORVIN C. DUNCAN

ON the basis, I suppose, that a bachelor is the person best qualified to write a book on marriage; and that an old maid is the person best suited to write a book on child care and training, I have been asked to write something for the Highland Churchman on the subject of preaching.

Preaching is a part of the function of the ministry, and its great importance is seen in the Acts of the Apostles, and in the primitive Church. Jesus preached and taught, and a part of the great commission included the command to preach the Gospel. The first manifestations in the Church after the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, was the speaking with tongues, and the sermon of Peter, with its great effectiveness. Both gave proof of the significance of the tongues which sat upon the heads of the Apostles. The Holy Spirit, in His abiding work in the Church, enables men to speak with power in proclaiming the good news of the Gospel.

There is a twofold aspect to the ministry—the priestly and the prophetic and the latter certainly includes preaching. Before the priestly aspect can be exercised there must be people upon whom it can be exercised. The Apostles were called fishers of men, and being fishermen they understood what that meant. Before fish can be cured they have to be caught; and people have to be caught before they can be nurtured in the Christian life; and preaching is the chief means of catching people. In the primitive Church we note that the ministry, chiefly the Apostles, but others, went everywhere preaching the Word. And by this preaching many hearts were opened and the word received. They could not continue in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship until they had been brought into it, by having it made known to them, and by their acceptance of the Word proclaimed.

Once within the fellowship the priestly aspect begins in the Sacramental aspect of the Church's life—the process of nurturing and nourishing souls within the body of Christ.

But even here the prophetic function continues in the teaching and nurturing processes. In the primitive Church it was preaching through which the Word was mediated; and through which the Holy Spirit reached and touched the hearts and minds of those who were outside the fellowship. It was through preaching that sinners were brought to repentance, and into the household of faith.

In the Old Testament it was through the prophetic voice that nations and people were called to repentance, and the kingdom ideal of righteousness and justice maintained. There were often clashes between the priests and the prophets, when priestly attention to the outward and visible resulted in immoral and unethical social practices. In every age of the Church the Holy Spirit has used preaching to revive the Church when it had lost much of its spiritual power. Through preaching the Holy Spirit has brought men

The Rev. Mr. Duncan is a retired priest of the diocese of West North Carolina. The article is reprinted by permission of the Highland Churchman.

o conviction of sin, to repentance, and to restoration. It was these aspects f preaching that could make Saint Paul say that the world was saved rough the foolishness of preaching.

The Episcopal Church has a trained ministry. It insists, and rightly so, pon a high standard of learning. As an institution it is wonderfully quipped in its buildings, appointments, rites, ceremonies, signs and symbols bear witness to the truth, and to exercise a ministry of nurturing care. et it is often charged that as a Church we have few good preachers, and ere are some reasons for such a charge. And to this charge a question is ften attached—"Why does the Church not grow more rapidly? Why does not appeal to the masses?"

The answer is, in part, I believe due to the emphasis upon the priestly spect of the ministry, with all that it involves in the way of the minutiae f ritual and the technique of worship. The prophetic voice became hushed, nd the power of preaching declines.

Preaching should be addressed to the intelligence and to the emotions. he Holy Spirit not only enlightens, but enkindles flames of enthusiasm nd fervent zeal. The Apostles and that early band were so stirrred by the pirit that their behavious suggested to the people outside that they were ull of new wine. Emotions are a part of human equipment, and preaching hich ignores, or despises, this simple fact will fall short of its mission.

The emphasis upon intellectual equipment without due dependence upon he Holy Spirit, together with the stress upon the Sacramental aspects of he Church's life and ministry, has had the practical result, certainly in our ranch of the Church (and that is where our responsibility lies) that preach- ng has been neglected, and the average Episcopal clergyman cannot speak nderstandingly to the man on the street. He is circumscribed by traditions, rthodoxy, correctness of movements and appointments, and cannot speak n the boldness and even the rashness of Spirit-filled men. If there is sim- licity anywhere it is where the Holy Spirit would speak to the little folks hroughout the world. It is true, I believe, that on the nurturing side of the hurch that we can do as much, or more, than any Communion that I know bout; but we are poor fishermen. Maybe we know what to do with fish fter they are caught, but we are tragically inexpert at catching them.

What, in my judgment, constitutes the greatest need for renewed empha- is upon preaching is the fact that millions of people are looking for the read of the Word, and they seek it through preaching. Too often they ome asking for bread and we give them theological discourses which are ntirely over their heads. The personality, sincerity, the consecration of the reacher, offered to the Holy Spirit can, and does, become the channel hrough which the Spiirt, in all of His power, touches the lives of men and omen in all their needs.

The priest who neglects, belittles, or undervalues this function in his inistry neglects the gift of the Spirit, and withholds the Word for which ultitudes are seeking. When the Jews were wrestling with the statement f Jesus about eating His flesh He cried: "The words that I speak unto ou, they are Spirit and they are life."

In this function of the ministry lies privilege, responsibility, challenge Woe be unto us if we preach not this Gospel. I know full well the discouragements of not being able to see the results. But we must obey and trust. The Holy Spirit can take our poor words and wing them into many hearts. We may never know when or how much they helped, but once given to the Spirit we know that He can make them a power for good. When preaching is neglected one of the great channels of the Holy Spirit becomes blocked.

—oOo—

Bernard Bosanquent wrote: " 'As a little child . . . . '; that has been the motto, as of the saints, so of the wisest among mankind. Your mind is a good instrument; only keep it free and sincere; keep away from selfishness, self-conceit, from the vanity of learning, and from the vanity of resentment against learning. Open it to experience, and take that as largely as you can We know the type of man who on the whole gets nearest to truth. It is not the cleverest. It is, I think, the sincerest."

The Town Meeting

Dear Bill;

No one as yet in Crossroads has taken exception to the article on whether a clergyman should join a fraternal order. Both letters you published were *for* joining but I would like to make several points:—

1. My experience or observation has been that if one joined a fraternal order in a small community, it leaves one open immediately to a rivalry which can be extremely vicious.

2. It is not unknown to have two clergy join the same order and fight over prospects within the group.

3. We are told that the lodge or order ADDS to CHRISTIANITY. What, may I ask, can be added?

4. Isn't it a curious way to gain members of one's church by joining an order? Just how far can we go in our contacts in any such group?

5. How can a Christian in good faith join a secret society where he is required to take an oath, an oath that cannot be told beforehand and can be never repeated outside the organization? How can we be sure, other than the assurances of members of the order, that such oaths are not contrary to what we stand for as Christians?

Sincerely,
Allen Nield

Christmas Begins at Noon

By THE RT. REV. CHANDLER W. STERLING

THE tiny wooden box is lifted out of the wagon and placed in the shallow, dusty grave. The lid is nailed down after the last of the family has filed silently by. White, talcum-colored earth is shoveled in the grave, sending up clouds of ashy dust. One of the men steps forward, extending a handful of faded paper flowers taken off a neighboring mound of earth. He sticks them upright in the ground one at a time.

"We commit the body of this child to the ground . . . " The book is closed. A piercing scream goes up from one of the women. The others join in with mournful, throaty wails that rolled on and on over the silent, treeless plain. A man starts singing,

"Qa ta kata ihan
Hed wanun kiciya ka pi ta . . . "
"We'll meet again in the sweet bye and bye . . . "

The people return to their wagons and jalopies.

"Which one is the mother?"

"Mother over in that wagon," says Bartholomew pointing. "She having new baby right now. Baptize maybe next week, elo?"

The wind is rising. It is turning colder. The air smells of snow. Eighty-three miles to St. Mary's for the Christ Mass at three in the afternoon. Dirt roads. Short-cut trails. Must start. It's now 1:20.

A thousand feet above the valley the wind rises to a fifty mile an hour gale. The snow begins, in horizontal strips like fuzzy string racing across the windshield. Back down through the ridge for mile upon mile of hazy driving in the hypnotic dream of a man engulfed in the enveloping whiteness of winter's storm. The sudden jarring as the car rides on to the shoulder of the road cuts short the delicious lulling of the whirling snow.

There are seventy-five people jammed into the overheated little white church. One family has come fifty-three miles to make their Christmas communion, and to have their infant son baptized. An old coffee pot is found and filled with snow to be melted on the stove for the Baptism. By the time the Creed is said the pot is steaming.

A solemn procession is formed to go to the Font, headed by an acolyte wearing husking gloves and carrying the boiling water. Clouds of steam envelop the family and the procession as the water is poured into the cold stone Font with a loud, coughing hiss.

" . . . We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock and sign him with the sign of the cross . . . . " (wonder how that Indian woman came out?)

A Christmas sermon about cows. "How would you, with your knowledge, experience, aptitudes and abilities like to be compressed into the body of

This article was written by Bishop Sterling, prior to his consecration, when he was rector of Grace Church, Chadron, Nebraska. It initially appeared in **Advance**, the diocesan magazine of Chicago.

one of your steers and live with other cows who were not like that? This is what God did when He was born into a body of a child. Mary, for whom our church was named, gave consent to be used as a means for God to enter human life."

"Who for us men came down." And then, on with the Liturgy . . . "and to all Thy people give Thy heavenly grace, especially to this congregation here present" . . . (In this cold, grey, half-light of a Christmas Eve storm) " . . . . because Thou didst give Jesus Christ to be born as at this time for us . . . and that we may continue in that Holy Fellowship . . . The Peace of God remain with you always . . . "

Is there time to take the short-cut to Gordon if one stalling is allowed? Let's go. The car has been filled to the roof with presents of food. Roasts, steaks, chickens, bacon, eggs, canned vegetables, jams and preserves, a sack of potatoes and Christmas cookies. What a wonderful present from these good people.

Must'nt forget, go down back of the cattle sales barn first. There, in a tent bulging out with the wind, sits an old squaw, squatting on a box with the family of ten gathering around her. "Mr. Father here, Grandma. Bring Communion."

Time for a hamburger and a cup of coffee at the Daisy Cafe before the evening Eucharist. The waitress picks up the check.

"Don't ask no questions because ain't supposed to say who paid. Now a piece of pie by me, Revener."

The sense of the nearness of Our Lord's loving presence is strong among us this night. More than half of those present had never witnessed the Lord's own service before. The congregation is silent—as in the stable 1900 years ago. "O holy child of Bethlehem, descend to us, we pray; cast out our sin and enter in, be born in us today . . . . "

The wind has gone down. The snow falls in lazy flakes. The car picks up speed, now, going down the highway. The flakes dash themselves against the glass. An hour's silent ride home to the parish church. Before the rich, golden dossal hangs a huge wreath of juniper boughs, the only decoration in the church except for the tall poinsettias on the altar festively arrayed with the creamy white and gold frontal made by a former priest, long since forgotten.

"O come all ye faithful . . . " (the unfaithful are here too, it looks like I'll bet it has stopped snowing. As in the stable of that first Christmas here, too, are the ox of pride and the ass of prejudice, looking through unknowing eye at all that is taking place). " . . . but as many as received Him gave He power to become the Sons of God . . . "

On they come, the broken, the healed. The scarred from battle with sin, the young and new yet fresh and glowing. The hopeful, the dulled, the eager, the joyous, the sad. (Up in that wagon . . . was it a boy?)

Two a.m. Fall into bed. Nothing to do until eight o'clock in the morning . . .

O Christmas Day there come together a handful of the faithful who could not be present last night. Once again "a great and mighty wonder today on earth is done" . . .

Christmas morning at the rectory. Confusion thrice confounded. The pening of gifts accompanied by the shrill voices of five excited little girls, l flooded with kindness of people. We are all weighed down with many ifts. There is much coming and going of people. Gay laughter, joyous outs of discovery. The room strewn with holiday wrappings, boxes, string, ookies, candy, fruit, all kinds of gifts and presents. The doorbell rings. young boy there stands with an envelope. "Gotta wait for an answer," e reports. A penciled note on a piece of gift wrapping:

"Dear Mr. Father: Christmas coming soon. Lots of Indians be on the own Crawford. Big party at Little Wolfs. Many boys and girls not much ys. Shoes for barefeet. Clothes too need. How about come to camp on ity dump on crawford on the night Christmas. Bring altar. Vestments. ig book. 32 for communion, bring cordion; we sing carols waiting for . Claus walking on the night please.

"ps, also shoes for old dady who wears rubbers only now and dry pants r baby babtise. Inform boy. thank you."

"Joe Sits Holy"

In the gathering darkness of the late Christmas afternoon we set off for thirty mile ride over icy roads, packed in tight with gifts and requested ems, portable altar and accordion. There, in a shack with a ceiling barely ll enough to stand erect and not much larger than the rectory living om, are gathered fifty-one Indians. Seated on planks supported by empty il drums the congregation silently (and confidently), awaits the beginning f the evening festivities.

Facing the east wall, and under the only window in the hovel, the altar set up on a rickety table alongside the community Christmas tree. Pop- rn chains of indeterminate age supplement the pieces of broken colored lass, fashioned in odd design by bubble gum, and the faded wrappings hich serve as ornaments.

Standing before the people, I put on my cassock, my surplice, and white, beaded stole made many years ago by a Sioux squaw. It is a rofound and disturbing experience to celebrate a feast of the Holy ativity in a shack on the city dump amidst the cast off and the re- ected, having only the light of two candles flickering in the over-heated arkness.

I move the sleeping dog gently with my foot to a safer place under the ltar, and remove a battle scarred tomcat from the lower branches of e tree. I turn to hand the cat to Joe and nearly fall over the squatted gure of a ninety-year-old blind squaw directly beside the Altar already olding out her hands to receive her Lord.

The Holy Mysteries begin. "There was no room for Him at the inn . . ." (O God, what has the white man done, charging into their stone ge culture like we have? Our Lord and His Church are here atoning r the sins of His children against these simple people . . .)

"Take . . . eat . . . in remembrance that Christ died for thee . . . eed on Him in thy heart . . ." (Nineteen hundred years ago He came earth, born in an outbuilding on the edge of town. He came again

tonight to a city dump, the dwelling place of the outcast. He must fee right at home.)

The Sacrament is received first by the men, then the young mothers holding out one hand while clutching a nursing infant with the other.

Some of them are without husbands, or even a man to bring then bread. Some of the children are white. That baby sleeping in th mother's arms can't be more than two or three days old. Finally th older children and the old squaws receive, all silently seated and presse together.

As I begin to replace the sacred vessels on the altar the chief step forward and, apologizing to me for speaking in Dacotah, addresses th gathering. I am called upon to make a speech. I perform badly. Th chief then tells the Christmas story in their language first, and then re peats it in English for the younger ones. He concludes by asking m to play the accordion for the carol sing.

"Santa is coming," he announces. "He is just now passing throug Edgemont and walking fast. Wife right behind. Only forty miles to g We wait for him and sing carols real loud so he find us in the dark. Mak him hear noise."

We sing carols and praise God in Dacotah and English for nearly a hour. Finally there comes a loud knocking on the door. In strides huge Santa dressed in a coonskin coat with a white scarf tied aroun his neck and a weatherbeaten mask pinned to the front of the visor on railroader's cap. He is greeted with much laughter and taunting remark

"Why so late, old man? You walk from the north pole? What's i the sack? Old crow? Dead jackrabbit? Where did you steal th presents?"

For nearly two hours the slow, steady distribution of gifts goes o One orange at a time, one piece of candy at a time, wrapped gifts one a a time. There are pocket combs and hand lotion for everyone. There are dolls for every girl child and toy autos for every boy. There ar comic books for everyone. I am presented with a beaded leather purs the size of a money bag. Finally Santa is presented with a lighted Christma candle and forcibly escorted to the door with the words, "Good night ol man. This candle help you find your way like the star help the Wis Men and Jesus help us."

I start slowly toward the door when Joe speaks. "There's a baby t baptize yet."

"Oh, yes, which one, now?"

"The one born yesterday by the mother in the wogan. You buy her other one. She want to name him for you. Okay? Elo."

—oOo—

Gerald Johnson wrote: "A man who has tried to play Mozart, and failed, through that vain effort comes into a position better to understand the man who tried to paint the Sistine Madonna, and did."

Members of the Seminar at St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, August 5-8, 1957.

Front Row (left to right) — The Rev. Dr. Richard O. Comfort, Executive Secretary, Department of Town and Country, National Council of Churches of Christ; Mrs. Ruth Robinson, Assistant to Dr. Comfort; Mrs. Landis; Dr. Benson Y. Landis, National Council of Churches of Christ; the Rev. Dr. M. M. Coady, St. Francis Xavier University; the Rev. Dr. Henry Randolph, Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. and Chairman of Department of Town and Country of National Council of Churches of Christ; Mrs. Randolph; Mr. A. F. Braid, St. Francis Xavier University.

Standing — Other Town and Country denominational executives, and workers, and wives of participants. Third and fourth from right, the Rev. William Davidson, Associate Secretary of Division of Town and Country of Episcopal Church National Council and Mrs. Davidson.

Division Doings

By THE STAFF
of the Division of Town and Country of The National Council

THE Seminar on "The Country Church in Relation to Family Farms, Adult Education and Economic Cooperation," sponsored by the Department of Town and Country of the National Council of Churches, and held at St. Francis Xavier Roman Catholic University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Canada, was attended by Associate Secretary Bill Davidson and his family, August 5-8. Sessions arranged by Dr. Benson Y. Landis of the N.C.C.C. and attended by Town and Country executives of most of the denominations, included instruction and field trips to examine the outstanding work of a group of Scotch Romanists in improving the economic, educational, and cultural life of the farming and fishing folk of northeastern Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island. Many types of adult education programs cooperatives of all kinds and credit unions have been the principal means used and efforts have been directed towards total

communities, regardless of religious affiliation. One of the joys of the trip, Bill reports, was his opportunity to live in the rectory at Bayfield, Nova Scotia and take Sunday services for the Rev. Donald Neish in his scattered 4-point mission field. It was also a pleasure to visit R.W.F. Provincial Representative, P. C. Jefferson and his family at Ship Harbour N. S.

Executive Secretary, Cliff Samuelson, has also been to Canada, attending the Rural Seminar of the Province of British Columbia, held Sept. 17-19 at Sorrento under leadership of R.W.F. member Derek Salter. In a beautiful mountain setting, members of the conference were led in meditations by Fr. Palmer, S.S.J.E. and addressed by the Rev. Dr. Leonard Hatfield of the Council of Social Service as they discussed many aspects of the work of the rural church in their part of the Anglican Church in Canada.

Both Secretaries have devoted much time to our own work in addition to these trips to Canada. Concluding sessions of the Roanridge and New England student training programs, the Leadership Training School of Michigan State University, and Demonstration Fields in the Dioceses of Oregon and Olympia, as well as preparations for the Green Lake Conference have occupied them recently.

Cliff has again been spending much time at Roanridge. Staff additions at the N.T.C.C.I. are the Rev. Smith Lain, on leave for a year from the Diocese of Central New York, to be Staff Associate in Research and Christian Education; Mrs. Dorothy Goudie, of Park College, Parkville, Mo., to be Administrative Director; and Miss Pat Holland, of Denver and Texas, to be staff and parish apprentice. These additions come to balance the resignations, after many years of faithful and valuable service, of The Rev. and Mrs. John H. Philbrick and Miss Letitia Croom. John and Helen will be returning to parish work in New England shortly, and "Tish" has become Christian Education worker for the District of Idaho. We welcome the new staff additions who will join Dick Allen (see August *Crossroads*) and we take this opportunity of thanking and wishing God-speed to those who have given so much of themselves to the N.T.C.C.I.

These changes, together with other news of the Division, should already be in the hands of R.W.F. members through the medium of the Division Newsletter, mailed early in October. The Newsletter will be sent to a considerable list of clergy and other Town and Country workers, many of whom are not R.W.F. members and do not see *Crossroads* regularly. The intention of the Division is that this will be a means of direct communication with all workers in the field which will make possible a sharing of ideas and plans from both directions. There is no reason to suppose that the Newsletter will supplant or interfere with *Crossroads* in any way, and the Division still expects to be able to use *Crossroads* for "Division Doings" and pictures of activities in which the Division has shared. Suggestions of R.W.F. members about the Newsletter, and also about "Division Doings," will be gratefully received at the Division of Town and Country, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Be Schizophrenial

(Author Unknown)

aludos, amigos! And how are your egos?
Vhat sorts of mania lurk in your crania?
Vhat am I bid for a slightly used id?
Vhy not get Fido a brand new libido?
also sell peacocks with Dementia praecox,
nd various potions to calm your emotions,
s well as some lemons for delirium tremens,
nd clever machines to interpret your dreams.

re you annoyed with the doctrines of Freud?
our symptoms are obviously paranoid.
How are your complexes? Are you neurotic?
re you erotic, exotic, psychotic?
re you quixotic or just idiotic?
re you chaotic, despotic, hypnotic?
Of all your-versions, do you prefer
he intro-, the extro-, the di-, or the per-?
Have you obsessions, depressions, repressions?
trange repossessions or secret confessions?
et me assure you I know how to cure you
Of every insanity known to humanity.
rauma, hysteria, madness, malaria,
Also frustrations and hallucinations,
hobias macro and micro, like soro-,
laustro- and cyno- and hydro-, for I know
A way to cure measles, pneumonia, and callouses,
And everything else, by psychoanalysis.

My methods are new, and I'm qualified too.
've read Dianetics and studied æsthetics.
've often employed both Kinsey and Freud.
laugh at the cavil of Adler and Pavlov.
've studied astrology, yoga, phrenology,
Bio-philology and Greek mythology,
'll end your psychosis with quick diagnosis
And five easy doses of high-speed osmosis.

Now I come to announce my outstanding invention
For uses diversified too much to mention.
t's good for what ails you, releases compulsions,
Relieves inhibitions, and causes convulsions.
Moreover, it serves in repairing your nerves—

This Gilbert-and-Sullivanish bit comes via the magazines of the Berkeley Divinity School, New Haven. It's not too town-and-country but it sure is twentieth century.

I give it but praise which it duly deserves.
My device, and I readily make this admission,
Is known as the psychllotron, for psychic fission.
End the banality, get new vitality—
All that you need is a split personality.

Be a duality! Why be a unity?
Be a plurality! Be a community!
Though you're Slobbovian, Turk or Armenian,
You, too, will profit by life schizophrenian.
Be joyous, contented, delighted and genial,
Happy and satisfied, be Schizophrenial!

A Young-Old Lady Speaks on Age

By ANN COATS

I have come here today to talk to you about growing old. That's a tiresome subject, isn't it? Instantly, you think of some old guy, or some querulous old dame and you say "Gee—I hope I'll never act like he does or think as she does!" And those are just the qualities of mind and body that we hope you can avoid, if you can think and will plan beginning right now for a profitable old age—in body, mind and spirit. Start this program while you are still young.

Surprisingly enough, statistics show that today the percentage of people past sixty-five years of age is greater in Washington County than in any other county in Idaho. And whether you realize it or not, most of you young people here today are going to live longer than you think. With the medical research, the use of antibiotics and immunizing drugs, with the daily taking of vitamins and useful minerals, and also the attention now paid to diets, the life span of all of you stretches out longer and longer. The new year and the new century 2000, is within your reach.

Right now, most of you are concerned about what's going to happen. Today!—right now—or next year. When you graduate from High School will it be college—work—or marriage? I'd better stop right now though and warn you that whatever you choose to do, you will never get away from work. Whether you go on to school, or take a paying position, or get married—whatever your place in life, you will always have to work at it.

And what you have done so far and what you continue to do, builds what kind of a person you will be in later life. Your everyday living habits form the sort of character you will have when you get to be ninety years of age. Just what you do each day, just how you act, and what you think, builds

This speech by a communicant of St. Luke's, Weiser, Idaho, was delivered to a high school group in that city. Mrs. Coats whose age shall be kept a secret, combines the grace of the elderly with the vivaciousness of the youthful. She assisted Miss Louise Hatch in a special project on the process of aging in town-and-country in four counties of Idaho last year.

background in your growth which you can never change. So it is up to ou to develop all the good which is inherent in all of us, and fight the il, the lazy, the hateful tendencies which all the sons of Adam and the aughters of Eve have inherited.

There are two elements in this scheme of our life which are inescapable. you can look at these squarely and realize their importance to you per- nally, you will be able to get a good start on your long way to a peaceful d age.

These are the two elements from which you can never run away:

One—You can never get away from yourself. You can run away from our family, you can run away from school, from a community, from sponsibility which you do not choose to take, from friends or enemies. ut you cannot run away from yourself. The character which you have uilt through the years is you—yourself. Your face may change—your othing may follow the trend of the time—but the real you—your mind nd your spirit, is that which you have built day by day, and if you expect like yourself in later years you'd better begin now to watch your step.

Two—And that brings us up to the second thing which you cannot be d of and that is,—your memories. Isn't this ability—shall we call it—a icky and troublesome piece of divine machinery. It is one of God's gifts o man, although we humans must admit that even the lower divisions of easts are gifted that way—even as we. It is a miracle which we can't xplain but which we should recognize with all due respect, because we an never get away from our memories. Oh, yes! you can forget the nswers so needed in that examination—but had the study really made an mpression on your mind—on your memory? Isn't your mind queer, though. ou simply can't forget that hateful thing you said to a friend who was ear to you. You can't forget a meanness someone did to you. Some shame- ul episode in your life comes again and again to haunt you. However, the right and happy memories also come flooding in, as when older, we relive ose good old days long gone, so your thoughts need a definite "control echanism", for your thoughts become your memories.

Consequently it is going to be up to you today and every day to fill your inds full of thoughts coming from good times, good books, good friends, od deeds and a spiritual good faith. And I do not mean by *good* the ng-faced solemn exhortations of the preachers of long ago. Life should e happy, full of joy, of decent fun and hilarity. You can have this kind of life if you attack all your work and all your problems with the realization at cheerfulness will help you finish the task much more quickly than a ouchy attitude would.

Just remember character is built from day by day living. It is up to o be sure that when you reach ninety years of age, you can be happy wing with yourself and your memories.

—oOo—

Arthur Morgan said: "Experience keeps a dear school, but it is the only ace where fools can learn."

Literature of Division of Town and Country

General Information About the Division

The Division of Town and Country (mimeographed sheet)
Budget—1. comprehensive
2. detail
3. N.T.C.C.I.
National Advisory Committee
Map—Episcopal Church in Town and Country
Report 1955 of National Conference
Movie—"In Fertile Soil"
"FORTH" Reprint on "In Fertile Soil"

Resource Materials (Episcopal)

"Roanridge Series"—Bul. 1. In the Minister's Vegetable Garden
Bul. 2. Compost
Manuscript—Music in the Town and Country Church
Church School by Mail
Home Prayers—advertising flyer
sample copies
Study of the Congregations of the Episcopal Church in the U. S.
The Diocesan Survey
Guide for Lay Readers
How to Study Town and Country Community
Our Parish Takes an Inventory
Church and Community Self-Study Form (Town and Country)

Other Resource Materials

The Lord's Acre Plan—1. Why and How to Use
2. The Lord's Acre Plan at Work
3. Explaining the Lord's Acre Plan
The Why, What and How of Soil Conservation Districts
Christian Rural Fellowship—1. Descriptive Brochure
2. Sample Bulletins
"Rural Missions" (sample)
"Town and Country Church" (sample)
"The Plough" (sample)
Vision and Values in Today's Rural Life
Christian Stewardship of the Land
Reports of National Convocation: 1954 "United Christian Witness"
1955 "The Christian Mission in the Rural Social Process"
Protestant Policy on Rural Economic and Social Relations
32 Million Catholics
Hymns of The Rural Spirit

Agrarian Reform and Moral Responsibility
Our Nearest Neighbor
Source Materials on Christian Theology and Rural Life (mimeographed)
Dr. Felton Bulletins

ooks
Preach There Also
Rural Synthesis
The Town and Country Church and Family Farming
Manifesto on Rural Life
The Church in Our Town

'orship Materials
The Cross and the Plow
The Cross and the Net
Country Services
Home Prayers (samples)
Rural Life Sunday, (N.C.C.C.)
Harvest Festival, (N.C.C.C.)

oanridge
Map of Roanridge
New Life for the Little Brown Church
The homestead (out of print)
Report of the Director to the Division of Town and Country
Report of the Director to the Foundation
Roanridge Rural Training Foundation
Charts on Roanridge Rural Training Foundation

tudent Training Program
"FORTH" Reprint—"They Plow Fresh Fields"
National Town and Country Church Institute (out of print)
N.T.C.C.I. Schedule,
Cooperating Institutes, Schedules and Direction.
The Parish Training Program
The Southern Town and Country Church Institute
Content in Extensive Training
Data Concerning Students Enrolled

'he Rural Workers' Fellowship of the Episcopal Church
Descriptive Brochure
"Crossroads" (sample)
Prayer Cycle of members

—oOo—

Studdert-Kennedy said: "Sin is never a private matter, it is always ublic, and is a sin against the brotherhood . . . the thing we must do is o fall in love with the beloved community, then you will realize your sin s you never have before."

—oOo—

Above the portal of the University of Cairo are these words: "Chemistry s important; God is more important!"

Change of Address

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Rev. R. H. S. Mansfield, Omemee, Ontario, Canada
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Rev. Walter Dyer, Creemore, Ontario, Canada
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